Four Songs.

The Star of the East.

The Clown's Courtship.

The Fair Maiden.

AND

O Poortith Cauld.

KILMARNOCK:

Printed for the Booksellers.

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

OF late you have heard of two lovers
That lived near yon castle so high;
To the green woods they ofttimes resorted,
While the owl from the forest did cry.
When he gaz'd on the blooming young creature,
Her beauteous enchanting eyes,
Evinced her heart it was captur'd
By one that soon did her despise.

They ranged the woods with great pleasure;
Their weary limbs oft did repose;
A large spreading oak was their covert,
'Twas there they their hearts did disclose.
He told her, her worth was so precious,
That he never could her deceive,
Enraptur'd with love she exclaimed,
If you do, my death on you I'll leave.

The rays of her pleasure shone brighter
Than the beams from the sun from on high,
But a dark dismal cloud soon appeared,
Proclaiming her ruin was nigh.
A breaze from the ocean of falsehood,
Did poison her pleasure with woe,
Till the heart of this young blooming creature
With sorrow was made for to flow.

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Unmov'd with the groans that she utter'd,
He wantonly to her did say,
For marriage I am not disposed,
Then homeward he set on his way.
She cried, 'Remember your promise,
For you know that to you I'm with child.'
Aspiring for one that was greater,
The Star of the East he beguil'd.

Distracted she ran thro' the woodlands,
Her bosom still heaving with pain;
No answer was made to her sighing,
But the rocks that re-echoed again.
Soon death's icy drops hang suspended;
On the brow of this beauty betray'd,
To those boisterous waves she's now bended,
In death's robes she now is array'd.

When I visit the tomb of this lassie,
Some spirit it whispers to me,
'A Victim to love lies here buried,
Where youth bloom'd in every eye.'
No more by yon castle she wanders,
To love she is no more a slave,
Bereaved of all earthly comforts,
She mouldering now lies in the grave.

THE CLOWN'S COURTSHIP.

THERE once liv'd a clown in a steed,
He thought that he would hae a wifie
To help in his meal and his bread,
For his siller it was nae sae rifie.

laird in the next borough town
Had siller and daughters fu' plenty.
Says he, if the rest be nae flown,
Rejoice, for my chance it is dainty.

He's put on his braw plaiden trews,
He scrap't aff his beard wi' a whittle,
He's put on the best o' his blues,
And his bonnet he rubbed fu' muckle.

He's ta'en up the wide stable caim,
To gie his bit head a bit clautie,
He's maist torn the hyde frae the bane,
For, O it was wondrous tautie.

He's put his head-piece aboon a',
Look'd cheeks in a cogie o' water;
Says he, I am bonnie an' braw,
And I'm sure wi' the lass an' the tocher.

Wi' a stick fathom lang in his han',
Right cocked, I'm sure it wad bruise ye;
An' aye as he lilted an' sang,
I'm sure, sure she will never refuse me.

He went to the gentleman's door,
Not knowing the fashions o' gentry,
He lean'd his weight on the door,
And he fell wi' a blawd in the entry.

Miss Jeanie an' servants came down
To wonder an' gaze upon Johnny,
He fixed his eyes on Miss Jean,
Because she was wond'rous bonnie.

Miss Jean, to keep up the joke,
She oxter'd him into her chamber;
And aye as he rifted an' spoke,
He swore that she shined like amber.

Miss Jeanie, my errand's to you,
To make you a sort o' half marrow,
To wait on my housie, my dow,
When I'm out at the plough an' the harrow.

Ye'll get parritch an' milk to your breakfast,
And butter an' cheese to your inner,
The same at e'en to your corning;
And ye'll swattle like auld lucky kimmer.

I've thretty pund scots ev'ry year,
Twa pecks o' gude meal, and a saxpence,
Sent down every Saturday, clear,
Brought me down frae auld Andrew Dixon.

I have likewise a good milk cow,
And things will keep us aye breathing,
Twa good fat pigs, and a sow,
And they get a' their grazing for naething.

I have likewise a good buffet stool,
A foot gang, a bed, and an aumry,
A bink for hauding our bowls,
And I break them right aft when I'm angry.

I have likewise twa good horn spoons,
A flesh-fork, a pat and a ladle,
A girdle for hardening our scones,
A poker, tangs, and a pettle.

So tell me if ye're coming hame,
And dinna appear in a swither,
For if you don't tak me, my dame,
I'm just gaun awa' till anither.

Miss Jeanie reply'd with a smile,
I cannot accept of your offer,
Some higher than you must beguile
My father, or he parts with his tocher.

For if I was to give my consent,
It would be at my father's displeasure.
So Johnny, you must just be content,
To lose such a beautiful treasure.

Her father, he was at the door,
Came ben with an angry complexion,
And aye as he cursed, he swore
He would crush 'em, and grieve 'em, and vex 'em.

Oh may he maist coupt the creels,
He ran wi' sic speed in a hurry,
They hunted the dogs at his heels,
On purpose the clown for to worry.

THE FAIR MAIDEN.

AS I stray'd along the banks of Irvine's sweet river,
O there I descry'd a fair maiden alone;
Her looks seem'd wild, she exclaim'd, Shall I never
Again see my Willie, O no he is gone.

Cold, cold now he lies, I have left my true lover,
For now the green turf his body doth cover;
And angels of bliss his grave shall watch over,
And protect the remains of him now no more.

O war, cruel war, what hopes hast thou blasted?
Wilt thou ne'er have an end, and sweet peace come again?
Shall Britain, blest Island, by thee be exhausted,
And her brave hardy sons strew the cold crimson'd plain?

Hark! the bugle it sounds; see the warriors advancing,
Impatient to fight. See the steel shows its glancing,
And our Graham, gallant Graham, to his fame now enhancing,
For the victory he gain'd o'er the foes of our Isle.

Now, now I must wander, forlorn and forsaken,
Through life's stormy vale, without friends me to aid.
The thrush may well sing, and lark that's awaking,
But their songs give no pleasure nor charms to a maid.

For my Willie is gone, he is left me for ever.
Be witness, ye fields, and ye sweet winding river,
Was I ever unfaithful? O no, I was never;
I was kind, for I lov'd him; but now he's no more.

Thus spake the fair stranger, so sad and distress'd,
As she sat on the swaird, with her eyes fix'd on high,
And oft with her hands on her bosom she press'd,
It was there, in her bosom, her sorrows did lie.

As I list'ned, my heart with compassion was moved.
To hear her complaining for him whom she loved.
Then I departed, and homeward I roved,
In sad tears for the stranger, and him now no more.

O POORTITH CAULD.

O Poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' could I forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Love's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's smiling?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
It's pride and a' the lave o't,
Fie, fie, on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonny blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cottar's fate?
He wooes his simple dearie;
The silly bogle's wealth and state,
Can never mak' him eerie.
O why, &c.

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